

CUMBERLAND'S

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BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.

JACK IN THE WATER;

OR,

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

A DOMESTIC BURLETTA, IN THREE ACTS,

By LEMAN REDE, Esq.,

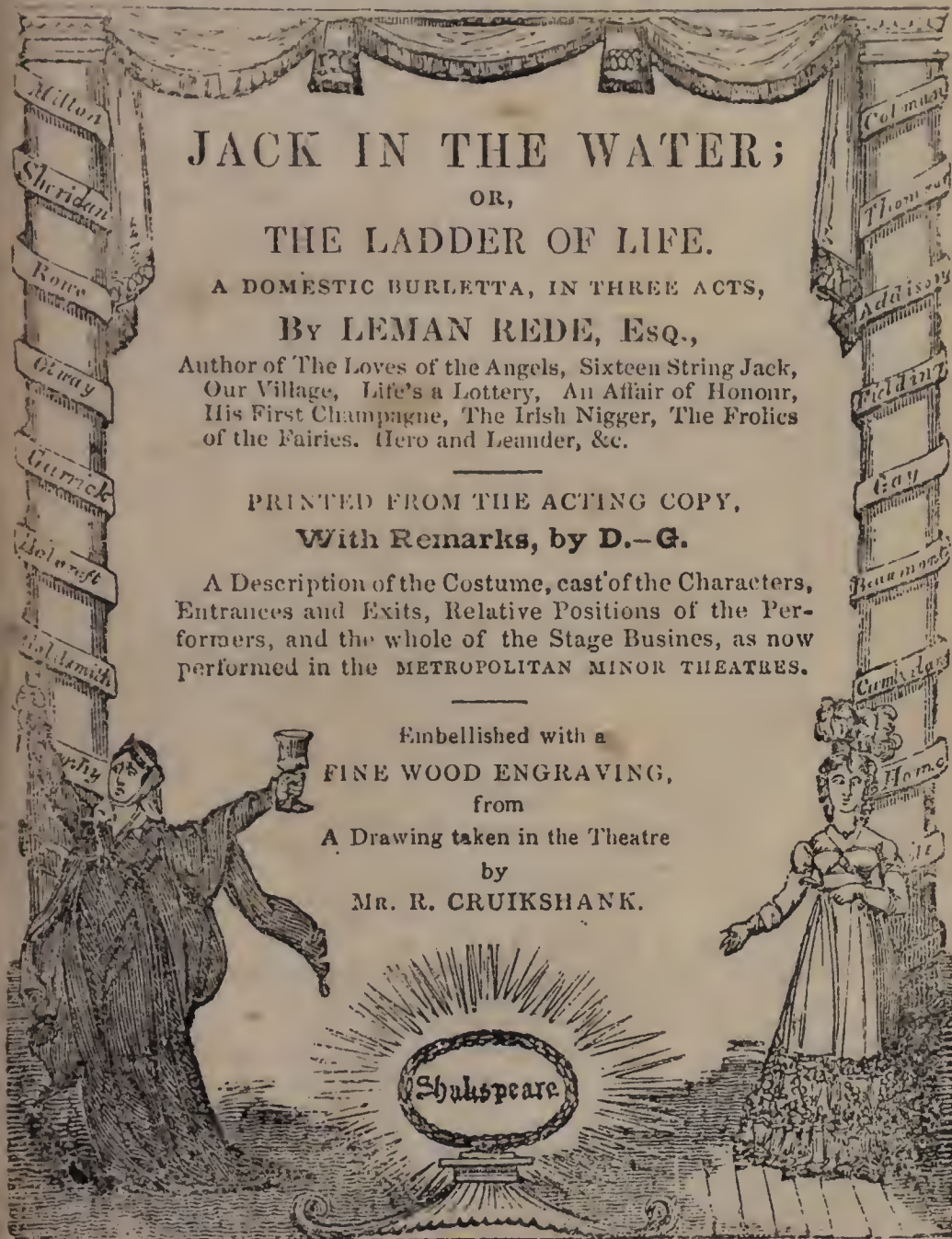
Author of *The Loves of the Angels*, *Sixteen String Jack*,
Our Village, *Life's a Lottery*, *An Affair of Honour*,
His First Champagne, *The Irish Nigger*, *The Frolics*
of the Fairies, *Hero and Leander*, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, by D.—G.

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters,
Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Per-
formers, and the whole of the Stage Business, as now
performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
from
A Drawing taken in the Theatre
by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. F. Bonner, Sc.

Jack in the Water.

Jack. Why, it's like this!

Act II. Scene 1.

JACK IN THE WATER,

OR,

THE LADDER OF LIFE,

A DOMESTIC BURLETTA,

In Three Acts,

By LEMAN REDE, Esq.,

*Author of The Loves of the Angels—Sixteen String Jack—Our Village—Life's
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Nigger—The Frolics of the Fairies—Hero and Leander, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
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OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

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REMARKS.

Jack in the Water.

WE care not by what means kindness is inculcated, and gratitude enforced—the humbler, perhaps, the better; for they have a wider influence, and are more a-kin to nature. If the poor did not help the poor; if there existed no sympathy between those whose lot is cast in the depths of privation, infinitely more sad would be their present condition; more hopeless their future prospects. What has civilization provided for the poor? The workhouse prison and its sordid dietary, from which the pampered lap-dogs of the aristocracy would turn away with loathing—Hospitals, where, if the houseless wretch die without a friend to own him, his body is anatomised after the fashion of the manslayer!—Game laws—we beg pardon—*they* are not provided for the poor, but the rich; to gratify their delight in animal suffering—neither the game, nor the exercise, being the object of their sport. Yet do these merciless laws affect the poor in no ordinary degree, inasmuch as they are the stepping stones to Botany Bay and the gibbet. The poor, then, having little to expect from the rich but hard words and hard blows, had need look to themselves for mutual support.—Sometimes an unexpected prize will turn up in the lottery of life, by which the menial is suddenly metamorphosed into the master. Then comes the trial; then the time to learn of what stuff the man is made. If the equestrian beggar gallop so fast as to lose sight and memory of his former friends, the sooner he reaches his proverbial destination the better;—but if he amble unostentatiously along, and give an old acquaintance a friendly lift upon the road, long and pleasant be his ride, and smiles and good wishes greet him at every turn! At first starting, he may not cut the most graceful figure in the saddle, and his horse may indulge in some eccentric caprioles; but a little practise will give stability to his bridle-hand, and he shall sit firmly and steadily to his journey's end.

Jack in the Water is an amphibious young gentleman, whose birth is involved in mystery. In infancy he had been the forlorn inmate of a parish poorhouse, where his mother died. The good “old woman” of a hardy veteran, one Joe Hatch, went to look after the little orphan, and being touched with pity for his helpless condition, persuaded Joe to let her take him home—“It is only a glass or two of grog the less,” reasoned Joe; and he consented. The good-humoured face, ready industry, and frisking oddity of Jack, win the heart of the rough seaman, who, from being one of Nelson’s fighting men at Trafalgar, had quietly settled down to a skulker at Waterloo Bridge Stairs, where his plain-sailing honesty and happy knack of settling professional disputes, had raised him to the nautical woolsack, by the style and title of Lord High Chancellor of the Thames. Jack works out his probation as a juvenile mud-lark—the tiny triton becomes a strapping river god; and the river god, in due course, increases in length and breadth to a fresh water Leviathan. Waterloo Bridge was a serious blow to the finances of Joe Hatch—Like certain ill-twisted folks in this world, though it can do little good to itself, it does great harm to others—You pay a penny to pass over—and if you want only to drown yourself, the charge, as Jack pathetically remarks, is just the same! Jack is the first to find out that Joe Hatch’s hard-earned loaf is too small for three; a discovery that neither Joe nor his “old woman” would have made so long as Jack wanted a slice of it! Jack resolves to provide for himself;

and he *touts* so successfully for his old friend, that had Joe's boat been as big as Noah's ark, he would have filled it for him! He becomes an universal favourite among his brother sculls—he is a songster and a humourist—his very tatters are picturesque; and if his slang be now and then too recondite and technical for unclassical ears, some queer frisk, odd wink, droll chuckle, and indescribable antic, act as interpreters. Jack's heart is a merry and a grateful one, and had it chanced to beat beneath a star, would have added lustre to it.

Some unexpected good luck is in store for Jack, not on the water, but dry land. Lorrington, a young wealthy West Indian, having, with the assistance of his valet, Mr. Florimond Fragile, exhausted the dissipations of a London life, and inveighed into a Scotch marriage a rich and beautiful heiress, to whom he proves false, takes a fancy to boating, and consequently becomes acquainted with Jack in the Water. Mr. Fragile, who reads Byron, lives upon orange puffs, kidneys stewed in champagne, &c., having fleeced his master pretty handsomely, and being in possession of an important secret, resolves to betray him. With this view he pays a mysterious visit to the humble dwelling of Joe Hatch, where he finds that unceremonious personage breakfasting very heartily on a cauldron of hot tea, sundry huge wedges of coarse bread and butter, and, by way of relish, a delicate Yarmouth bloater! The bloater is peculiarly offensive to the highly sensitive olfactory nerves of Florimond Fragile—He turns from the fishy effluvia with well-bred horror, and by slow degrees tells his strange story; the result of which is, that Jack, and not Lorrington, is heir to the large fortune hitherto enjoyed by the latter; his mother having been married to that young gentleman's graceless father, and afterwards abandoned with her offspring. The tale is hardly told, 'ere Jack enters. His good fortune not a little surprises him; and his first impulse is to reward those who have sheltered him in his hour of need; and he refers with homely pathos to his early benefactors. He recapitulates in terms sufficiently ludicrous, the grotesque finery that is in perspective for housemaid Betty, his intended bride, a chantress of the first water; and having received from Mr. Fragile a veritable ten pound note by way of first fruits, he speedily gets it changed, and can hardly believe his eyes when he sees the glittering gold! Mr. Fragile, of course, takes him for his pupil; initiates him into the gaieties of the town, and teaches him gentility. But Jack is an unruly scholar, and fancies that he looks very much like a fool in his new-fangled frippery, which, to say the least, is somewhat outré and comical. He kicks at the restraints imposed upon him—He must neither scratch his carotty pole, nor presume "to blow a cloud," half his life is spent in buttoning and unbuttoning—in short, after twelvemonth's disagreeable experience, he becomes heartily tired of his tutor, and determines to be an independent gentleman according to his own particular notions of good breeding and fashion. In the meantime, the marriage between Lorrington and his lady is cancelled, the latter having wisely taken advantage of the Scotch law to rid herself of an unfaithful husband. Lorrington, reduced to beggary, without food to eat, or a roof to shelter him, is discovered by Jack in the Water, who, commiserating the sad fate of his former benefactor, and half-brother "on the other side of the way," offers to share his fortune with him—but this is unnecessary, for his forgiving lady, still true to her early affection, and moved by his penitence, resolves to reunite herself to the man to whom gratitude will now prove an additional bond of fidelity. Among the many scurvy tricks that Mr. Fragile has played upon his too-confiding pupil, is tampering with Betty and withholding from Lord High Chancellor Joe some golden reminiscences of Jack's kindness and generosity. These being

happily discovered, that respectable pander appears in his proper and most detestable light; old friends are reconciled; and a jovial wedding is on the tapis. And here we cannot but commend the delicate self-denial of Jack in the Water, who, though the ring is bought, and the nuptial day fixed, will not—though receiving no blushing discouragement from Betty—venture to give his beautiful mop-twirler a kiss—No—not till he fairly gets her into the “wee-stry!” There are other characters that have each their moral. Didapper, the dandy head waiter at the Angel, who degenerates into the ragged, tippling hanger-on at a gambling house—Dick Duffy, the hard-working porter, who is content to labour honestly in his vocation, and therefore prospers—Sidney Loftus, the cool, insidious, disappointed tale-bearer—and the prim, woman-hater, Mr Quillett, a not over upright attorney at law.—The gist of this drama is to inculcate kindly feelings; to show that the poor are quite capable of humanity and gratitude; and that a diamond, though unpolished, and however rough the setting, is a diamond still. Jack in the Water cannot fail to leave a good impression on all who see it: it is a wholesome antidote to the mendacious drama, where the thief figures away as a martyr’d innocent, and the honest man is scouted as a hypocrite and a driveller. The music is well selected; there are some cheerful tunes, and a sprightly jig or two. The scenery is excellent—one scene in particular,—’tis that, representing Waterloo Bridge, with the toll houses on one side, and the men, with pocket aprons, ready to take the pence; the scenic effect of this was only to be surpassed by the reality.

Jack in the Water was first produced at the Olympic Theatre, April 25, 1842, under the management of that eccentric and meritorious actor Mr. George Wild, who sustained the part of amphibious Jack, and made it entirely his own. There is a raucy humour, a rollicking, rough-cast, broad-faced fun about Mr. Wild, that remind us of John Reeve of merry memory. His manner and dress are not unlike the Sam Swipes of Liston; indeed, the character bears a strong similarity to Sam in some of its most ludicrous points. Mr. Wild is an excellent comie singer, and gave the song, a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his innumerable *wants* since he became a gentleman, with spirit and humour. He makes no ugly faces, having a comical one enough of his own; and his voice is unctuous and eluicking—altogether, he is just the sort of actor to make us forget, for a pleasant hour, this harsh world and its selfishness.

Jack in the Water is written by Mr. Lemon Rede, an author who has amused the dramatic world with a variety of pieces both comic and serious. We purpose enriching our collection with some of his best and most popular productions; among which stand in the foremost rank, *The Loves of the Angels*, *Sixteen-String Jack*, *Our Village*, *Wealth and Want*, *His First Champagne*, and *Hero and Leander*. We are glad to have this opportunity of introducing Mr. Rede into such good company. We have no desire to adopt new names, unless they bear the stamp of genius; we cannot afford to enumber our volumes with flippant dulness, and maudlin mediocrity. But Jack in the Water has pleased us; as it pleased the laughing audiences of the Strand Theatre, where it has been recently revived. Our old acquaintance, Mr. H. Hall, made a characteristic nautical Lord Chancellor; he sang “Jolly old lads of the water” with great gusto. Mr. Attwood’s Dick Duffy was a genuine picture of English kind-heartedness and industry—an excellent illustration of the good old aphorism, “Let well alone”—And a lady, of whom we have as yet seen but little, Mrs. C. Melville, was amusing and musical in the Syren Betty.

Cast of the Characters, As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

| | Olympic, 1842. | New Strand, 1845. |
|---|----------------|-------------------|
| Edmund Lorrington (<i>a West Indian of large fortune</i>) | Mr. Fitzjames. | Mr. Grafton. |
| Sidney Loftus (<i>Serjeant at Law, & Cousin to Emily Lorrington</i>) | Mr. C. Baker. | Mr. Morris. |
| Charles Jauney, Esq. | Mr. Green. | Mr. Dean. |
| Mr. Quillet (<i>Attorney at Law</i>) | Mr. Turnour. | Mr. Romer. |
| Florimond Fragile (<i>Lorrington's Valet</i>) | Mr. Halford. | Mr. H. B. Roberts |
| Didapper (<i>Waiter at the Angel</i>) | Mr. Ross. | Mr Cockrill. |
| Dick Duffy (<i>Porter at the Angel</i>) | Mr. Searle. | Mr. Attwood. |
| Joe Hatch (<i>Lord High Chancellor of the River Thames</i>) | Mr. Brookes. | Mr. H. Hall. |
| Jack in the Water (<i>an indescribable character</i>) | Mr. G. Wild. | Mr. G. Wild. |
| Horsleydown Dick | Mr. Rogers. | Mr. Thompson. |
| Emily Lorrington (<i>Wife to Lorrington, an Heiress in her own right</i>) | Miss Mitchell. | Mrs. C. Pope. |
| Clara (<i>Niece to Mr. Quillet</i>) | Miss Arden. | Miss Bromley. |
| Mrs. Hatch | Mrs. Granby. | Miss Stephens. |
| Betty (<i>Housemaid at the Angel</i>) | Miss Lebatt. | Mrs. C. Melville. |

Costume.

EDMUND LORRINGTON.—*First dress*: Blue trousers—naval jacket, or a surtout—no waistcoat—rowing shirt—scarlet neckerchief. *Second*: Fashionable morning dress. *Third*: Modern dress, “shabby genteel,” not ragged. *Fourth*: Handsome modern dress.

LOFTUS.—Black suit—coat cut court fashion—white neckerchief.

MR. QUILLET.—Old-fashioned black suit—shoes, silver buckles.

FRAGILE.—*First dress*: Embroidered dressing gown—white kerseymere knee breeches—white silk stockings—pumps and latches. *Second dress*: Claret-coloured surtout—buff kerseymere trousers—morning waistcoat—white hat and riding whip. *Third dress*: Of the same character as the last, the hat à-la-mode-de-Paris.

DIDAPPER.—*First dress*: Nankeen jacket—light waistcoat and kerseymere small clothes. *Second dress*: Black pantaloons—blue coat, buttoned up to the chin, shabby, but not ragged—old black hat.

DUFFY.—Velveteen jacket—cowhide waistcoat—corderoy breeches—worsted stockings—highlows—fur cap.

JOE HATCH.—Pea jacket—red waistcoat—dark plush breeches—gray stockings—shoes and buckles—low crowned hat.

JACK.—*First dress*: Ragged coat, with the tails torn off—guernsey shirt—no neckerchief—no waistcoat—trousers, torn away from the knee—fleshings—one shoe and one highlow. *Second dress*: In the Parisian style, but outré.

EMILY LORRINGTON.—*First*: Fashionable morning dress. Throughout the piece, her costume is of the same description; the three dresses to mark the change of time.

CLARA.—Fashionable modern dress.

MRS. HATCH.—Large pattern cotton gown—white apron—old black bonnet and yellow shawl.

BETTY.—*First*: Housemaid’s dress. *Second dress*: Of the same description. *Third dress*: Smart muslin gown—straw bonnet.

JACK IN THE WATER;

OR, THE LADDER OF LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A splendid Apartment in a London Hotel—
a table near C. F.—a chair, R. C., another, L. C.*

Enter DIDAPPER, followed by DICK DUFFEY, L.

Didap. Pop the hamper down there, old fellow.

[Points to R.]

Duf. Shan't I take it to Mr. Lorrington's room, Bob?

Didap. Robert: Bob's coarse and low. Leave the hamper.

Duf. *[Crossing to R., and putting down the hamper.]*

Isn't the gentleman up, then?

Didap. Yes, but the gentleman's gentleman is not.

Duf. Vat, that flashy chap as scents the whole hotel wurser nor pison?

Didap. Duffy, for all the pains I've taken with your edication, you're as ignorant as a ass.

Duf. As how?

Didap. As this: Mr. Florimond Fragile, Mr. Lorrington's gentleman, is the very pink of the mode, his taste in perfumery's fine, d—d fine.

[Crosses to R.]

Duf. Vy, vhat stuff has he been putting into your napkin?
[Smells it.] Faugh!

Didap. Duffy, skurry; your nose is utterly unedicated. Bring me the morning papers—and Duffy, let me entreat you, as a friend, do not eat inions of a morning.

[Duffy crosses and exits, R.]

Didap. Mr. F'ragile's right, the English are mere kennel; Paris is the place to put on the regular polish. *[Drawing out a book from his pocket.]* I wish I could take the French as one has the small pox—natural.

Betty Bloom. [*Singing without, L.*]

“As I was a walking, one morning in spring,
To hear the birds whistle, and the nightingale sing.”

Didap. That girl stirs up my tender emotions. What was it Mr. Fragile said to her—aye, “Vous set jolly come an angel”—that is. You are as jolly as an angel. Jolly! she is a little plumpish, but I hate your skinny ones.

Enter BETTY BLOOM, singing and sweeping, L.

“He stepp-ed up to her, and thus he did say—
‘My dear, you are welcome as flow-ers in May.’
And with that he press-ed his lips on her cheek,
And so they were mar-ri-ed in less than a week.”

Didap. Short courtship that. Why, Betty, you’re late this morning.

Betty. Yes; that precious Mr. Fragile had a party that didn’t break up ’till nine.

Didap. True; whenever his master’s out, he has a sore-eye.

Betty. Has he? Well, I *am* sorry; why don’t he get some doctor’s stuff?

Didap. [*Gigling.*] He, he! I forgot you didn’t parley Francey. A sore-eye is a late night party.

Betty. And a very good name, too; let gentlefolks keep better hours, and I’m sure their eyes would be the brighter for it.

Didap. Betty, you are haus-natural—you want more polishing.

Betty. More polishing! If you had my work to do, you wouldn’t say so.

Didap. He, he! by polishing, I don’t mean scrubbing—I mean, to—to—make you exactly like me, in every particular.

Betty. Lauks! Mr. Didapper. [*Turns away from him.*]

Didap. Elizabeth, you want edication.

Betty. Well, I’m sure!—Hold my broom. [*Didapper takes the broom—Betty puts her hand in her pocket, and pulls out keys, ballads, &c.*] Just hear me read this:—
“The la-ment-able History of Jane Shore, King Richard’s [*Spelling.*] C-o-n-c—Conc—

Didap. Fy-dong; conkerbine’s vulgar—his majesty’s may-tress, Elizabeth. I know you had a twelvemonth’s turn at a charity school; but reading—reading’s nothing, positive nothing.

Betty. Ain't it?

Didap. Manner's everything. Now, if you'll let me give you a lesson—— [*Advances towards her.*]

Betty. Thank ye, I can get plenty of them lessons, but don't chuse to learn 'em.

Didap. Pooh! mere politeness—what they call Paris a-la-mode.

Betty. Is it? London à-la-mode's good enough for me. Now, do get away. [*He advances again.*] Why, you little hop-o'-my-thumb, I'll brush you out in a minute!

[*A bell rings without, L.*]

Didap. There's my infant calling. [*Crossing to L.*] But preenny guard mamsell, for I'll return and take horrible revenge upon those rosebud lips.

[*Exit, L.—Betty stands musing a moment, then sweeps with alacrity, but as suddenly desists.*]

Betty. I wish I was any maid but a housemaid, kicking up a dust morning, noon, and night. A dairymaid now, with the ducks of cows, or a chambermaid, or a barmaid—there's no prefarment in my line. Customers falls in love with chambermaids, and masters do, sometimes, marry their barmaids; but what's a mop and a broom to expect?—[*Throwing her broom from her.*] nothing! That Didapper has a month's mind to me, and he is a smartish little chap, too. But then, poor Jack, my own dear Jack, who used to buy me sweetie-stuff, when we were at the charity school together—but what's the use of thinking of him? he is but a Jack in the Water, and there's no prefarment in his line either.

SONG.—BETTY BLOOM. AIR—"All round my hat."

My own darling Jack, though you're Jack in the water,

My own darling Jack, can I false-hearted be?

No! Betty remembers the ribbon you bought her—

[*Looking at the ribbon, and weeping.*]

Fol lol de dol lol, fol lol de dee!

When school it was over, and we went a walking,

The birds on the wing, not so happy as we;

Your eyes all on fire, sweet words you were talking—

Oh!—Fol lol de dol lol, fol lol de dee!

When I think on my fate, I am nigh broken-hearted,

I went to service, and *you* went to sea;

Oh! Jack, darling Jack! how I cried when we parted—

[*Weeps, recovers, and takes up her broom.*]

Fol lol de dol lol, fol lol de dee!

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter FLORIMOND FRAGILE, R.

Fra. Eugh! the concatenation of caterwauling in this hotel is quite too much. We must change our domus. If the governor's iron nerves can endure it, mine can-not. [*Seeing the hamper, R., and reading.*] "Edmund Lorrington, Esq." Something for us, I see. [*Rings a bell, R.*] I must have a carminative to wind me up for the day.

Re-enter DIDAPPER, L.

Oh! Di, bon jour, mon ami. Heigho!

Didap. Ain't you well, Mr. Fragile?

Fra. Never well,—never well—tres mal du tete—your mulled claret is execrable.

Didap. Why, our Chateau Margôt—

Fra. Your Chateau Margôt!—Now don't, don't—it's quite too much.

Didap. The claret's chisey, I confess—but our mulled port—

Fra. Mulled port!—mulled blacking—Day and Martin, warm, with sugar—don't talk of the hot intoxicating fluid, my nerves won't bear it. [*Sinks into a chair, R. C.*]

Didap. [*Despondingly.*] You are so delicate.

Fra. I am.

Didap. Do try some breakfast?

Fra. Eugh!—yet, no, I must make an effort. I think I could take an orange puff, a liquor glass of crème du thé, infused in hot water, with a little Eau-de-vie.

Re-enter DUFFY, with a newspaper, R.

Duf. Here's paper!

[*Didapper is going, L., and Duffy puts the paper into the hands of Fragile.*]

Fra. Damp—damp! wet paste! Fellow, would you give me my death of cold?

Didap. Air it for Mr. Fragile directly.

Fra. [*Leaning on Didapper, c.*] Thank you, Di, thanks.

Duf. [*Crossing to L.*] Air it for Mr. Fragile! Ugh! you make me sick, you do. [*Exit, with the paper, L.*]

Didap. An insolent fellow! my feelings is hurt, and I'd kick him, only, he's a knack of kicking again.

Fra. Those vulgarians generally have; take gentlemanly

vengeance—undermine him with the master. Bring me something, Di, whilst I settle my ideas for the day.

[*Sits, R. C.*

Didap. Settle his ideas! What a model of a man he is.

[*Exit, L.*

Fra. It's a great thing to be a practical philosopher; assume airs, take liberties, and everybody believes you to be somebody.

Re-enter DIDAPPER, L., with refreshments on a salver—he hands them to Fragile with great ceremony.

Fra. Very fair, Di,—a little more ease is all that's required. [*Didapper offers the newspaper.*] No, no, sit, mon petit homme, sit, and read it to me.

Didap. [*Sits, L. C., and reads.*] “Dreadful murder!”

Fra. Don't! my nerves won't bear it; always skip shocking accidents, &c. Why harass one's feelings for what don't concern them? Is there no crim-con?

Didap. I don't see any.

Fra. There's positively nothing doing in the fashionable world.

Re-enter DUFFY, L., with a trunk.

Duf. Here's this for Mrs. Lorrington.

Didap. [*Surprised.*] Mrs. Lorrington!

Fra. Quite right.

Duf. [*Crossing to R.*] Shall I take the trunk in?

Fra. Yes, and then take your own trunk out.

[*Exit Duffy with the trunk and hamper, R.*

Didap. I'm quite astonished! Why, then, Mr. Lorrington's married?

Fra. Yes, we're married; but coming up to town half incog, didn't care to name it.

Didap. He's rather gay and lively, for a married man.

Fra. Yes, we are gay, undeniably gay—fault of climate—born in the east; and you know what that dear fellow Byron says—

“The cold in clime, are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But ours is like the Lava flood
That burns in Etna's breast of flame.”

Didap. And where is the lady?

Fra. In Scotland. Ours was a love match—met aboard an East Indiaman—warm feelings—sultry weather—solitary

rambles on deck,—it couldn't but happen, you know,—came to England enflamed—set off to Scotland for a cooler.

Didap. A cooler !

Fra. Yes, marriage ; if that is not a cooler, what is ?

Didap. Mr. Lorrington's income is large ?

Fra. Do you mean what he gets, or what he spends ?

Didap. Umph ! there is a difference, certainly.

Fra. But for the enterprize of the West End tradesmen, we should be obliged to muddle on upon five thousand pounds a-year. As it is, we go at the pace of about ten thousand pounds. Take the things away, Di, and bring in my clothes.

[*Didapper puts the things off*, L.]

Fra. Governor's at his usual diversion : he has a brutal propensity for rowing. My nerves can't stand it. [*Exit*, R.]

Didap. [*Putting chairs off*, L.] A married man !—here on the ran-dan ! I smell profit from this. He's a fine fellow, and I'll stick by him—till he hasn't a guinea left.

[*Exit*, L.]

SCENE II.—*Waterloo Bridge*.—*Toll houses, gates, road, lamps, and steps leading down to the water*, R. S. E.

Enter JOE HATCH, HORSLEYDOWN DICK, BOY, and WATERMEN, R.

SONG AND CHORUS.—JOE HATCH and WATERMAN.

AIR, “*Let the toast pass.*”

Joe. Patiently waiting the chance of a fare,
Fortune ! too long have we sought her.
Hearted in hope, boys, we never despair,
Jolly old lads of the water.

[*Repeat Solo before the Chorus.*]

Chorus. Fresh the gale blows, swift the boat goes,
Merrily over the river she rows.

Joe. Who's up to Twickenham ait for a trip,
Sails clued, and naught can be tauter ;
Then, when at night we return, over flip
We'll toast the brave lads of the water.

[*Repeat Solo.*]

Chorus. Fresh the gale blows, swift the boat goes,
Merrily over the river she rows.

Dick. Vell done, chancellor—vell done, old Joe Hatch !

Joe. My voice arn't vat it used to be, but its melodious still.

Boy. (L. c.) Unkimmon !

Joe. Out, you young varmint ! boys isn't as they was, everything's altered for the worse.

Dick. What's the use of grumbling?

Joe. If 'tarn't a use, it's a pleasure. I can't abear to see the profession running to decay.

"I vas, d'ye see, a waterman,
As light and spruce as any."

What am I now?

Dick. Why, the river chancellor, settles all disputes, respected by all hands. Vy, you're a king among us.

Joe. [*Sadly.*] Yes, Dick, a king, without a crown.

Dick. Never mind, Joe, I've some swag. [*To the Boy.*] Cut for some gatter, will you? [*Gives money.—Exit Boy down the steps, R. S. E.*] Cheer up, old one!

Joe. [*Angrily.*] It's them there new bridges as aggravates me. I'm a hold sailor, and loves the sea. Here's Waterloo Bridge—I wouldn't ha' minded if it had been Trafalgar.

Dick. Why, you're jealous of the army, Joe.

Joe. No, I arn't; but Nature never meant man to fight on land. Bless our soldiers, say I, though I used to play old Harry with the marines. But look at what I call the law and reason of the case. Waterloo—the 18th of June—the heart of a fine summer—the fields green—the flowers springing round you—the grain ripening under the glorious sun—the little birds singing their joy—all peace, all gladness—a scene to mind you of what you owe Him who gives all.

Dick. Vell!

Joe. Then look at that grass all gore—hear the cries of poor chaps—no surgeon's room to be carried to—trampled down by horses, and dying for want.

Dick. Vell, a sea fight's no better.

Joe. Yes it are—it rouses a fellow to action—the wind blowing great guns—the blackening sky—the bold ship walking the waters—the creatures of the sea dashing madly about us—up chests—down hammocks—"England expects every man to do his duty!"—Hurrah!

Omnes. Hurrah!

Joe. Oh! d—me, it would make a quaker fight!

Re-enter BOY up the steps, R. S. E., with a pot of beer, and gives it to Dick.

Enter CHARLES JAUNEY, with his arm in a sling, from the house, L.

Cha. [*Entering.*] I'll secure the boat, and return directly.

Joe. Boat, your honour? Oldest waterman here!

Dick. Yes, and oldest boat; mine, your honour, won the Doggett last year.

Third W. Here you are, your honour, oars or scullers!

Cha. Amid such conflicting claimants, I can't decide. Where's the Cicero of the water's edge?

Dick. What does the gentleman say?

Cha. Where's Jack?

Joe. Jack! I'll hail him, your honour. [*Calling.*] Here, you Jack, I say—do you hear?

Jack. [*Singing without, R. S. E., to the Air of "I've been roaming."*]

I've been larking, I've been larking,
In the Thames's mud so sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With the slush upon my feet.

Enter JACK, up the steps, R. S. E.

Joe. (R. c.) [*Apart to Jack as he enters.*] Jack, give an old pal a turn. [*Jack winks at Joe.*] Here's Jack, your honour.

Cha. (L. c.) Well, Jack, whom shall I patronize to-day? I am about to take a lady up the river; you see, I'm a cripple. I want a sober, discreet, steady goer.

Jack. (c.) Vhy, for sobriety—[*Apart to Joe, who is about to drink.*] put away the pot, Joe—[*Aloud.*] I recommends Old Hatch.

Dick. (R.) He's always a recommending of him, for what he gets on him.

Jack. It isn't for the filthy lucre: sometimes, indeed, he does tip me a brown, so you see he's a sort of ha'penny hatch.

Cha. I'll go by your ha'penny hatch.

Joe. Long life to your honour! I'm nimble yet, as the youngest on 'em. Give me your shoulder, boy, to get down the steps. [*Exeunt Joe and Boy, down the steps, R. S. E.*]

Cha. Why, Jack, you're quite an amphibious animal.

Jack. Sir!

Cha. More mermau-ified—that is, every day you become more fishy.

Jack. Yes, sir, and customers more scaly.

Cha. Yours is a hard life.

Jack. Yes, sir, a hard life in a soft way. I'm always standing either in mud or water.

Cha. Are you never dry?

Jack. Dry! continually; and they do sell such heavy at the "Goat and Compasses."

Cha. Here then, [*Giving him money.*] that to keep out the cold.

Jack. Never minds colds, your honour; when I fust took to the life, I caught cold upon cold, vun down, t'other come on. I never has none now, I s'pose I'm quite full on 'em, and can't hold no more.

Cha. The bridge has hurt your trade, Jack, hey?

Jack. Yes, sir, Vatterloo Bridge is like some ill-natered warmints you meet,—can't do no good itself, and von't let any one else do none.

Cha. Do many passengers pay?

Jack. No, sir, only them as is *tolled*. Why, now, how could it answer, in this here year eighteen hundred and twenty-two? blunt is scarce—a poor chap wants to cross. "A penny," says one of them scarecrows—a penny back—twopence. Why, twopence is the price of half-a-quartern; many a man has been made happy by a half-a-quartern.

Cha. Gin, then, is the obstacle to the bridge's profit?

Jack. Just so. Them as values their stomachs more than their feet, toddles over Blackfriars, and has a drain instead.

Cha. Your reasoning's logical; but you speak only of the poorer class.

Jack. Why, the rich one's ride; six insides goes over in a coach, with Jarvey and Johnny outside—that makes eight; they only pay fourpence for the lot; so you see, your swells cross at a ha'penny a-head, whilst poor Jack must shell out his penny.

[*Day closes, and becomes gradually darker.*]

Enter OLD QUILLET, with a dog under his arm, from the house, L.

Qui. [*Entering.*] What's the matter now? Have you got another bonnet to put on over that?—another half hour waiting!

Cha. Patience, my dear sir, Clara will not be long.

Qui. Not long! Did you ever know women to be in time? If they were to be hanged, they wouldn't be ready at eight o'clock.

Jack. Werry sensible on 'em, too.

Qui. And here's this snarling puppy, too.

Jack. Allow me to take charge of the little innocent.

Qui. What are you?—A dog stealer, I suppose.

Jack. No, sir, a dog fancier, in the way of partiality to dumb cre'turs.

Cha. You may trust him, sir; he's very honest.

Qui. Why, as he's very ragged, he may be. Take him, will you? he don't bite much.

Jack. I don't care if he does, sir; I've got a cure for the 'phoby.

Qui. What's that?

Jack. Seagar and Evans's eye water, taken inwardly's, eight times a day, or oftener, if the symptoms is alarming.

[*Lights are seen on the bridge.*]

Enter CLARA, hastily, from the house, L., followed by a Female Servant with a bandbox, which she gives to Jack, and exits, L.

Cla. My dear nunky, you are so very impatient; now, how can you be so cantankerous?

Qui. (R. c.) Cantankerous! haven't I been kicking my heels this hour? [*Pointing to the bandbox.*] Why, what's that?

Cla. (L. c.) Pooh! you men are so inquisitive;—only a shawl and a few little things.

Qui. There it is! a woman never goes anywhere without a bandbox—wonder they ain't buried with one! It's getting on for dusk now—Come, come, come!

Jack. (R.) This way, ma'am—a little step there—lend us your jacket, Bob. [*A Waterman takes off his jacket. and throws it down, R.*] Step on that, please, ma'am.

Cla. Very gallant, I declare—a Sir Walter Raleigh of the river.

[*Music.—Jack descends the steps, R. S. E., followed by Clara and Charles.*]

Clara. [*Without, R.*] Take care of that dear little puppy.

Jack. [*Without, R.*] Aye, aye, my lady.

Qui. [*Buttoning his coat.*] Catch my death—know I shall—all to please a slip of a girl! What's my niece to me?—keeping me waiting! Women are always so selfish—will go by water for a novelty—would go by fire if she could! Take women altogether, they are the most—

[*Exit, grumbling, down the steps, R. S. E.—Music.—*
The evening has become quite dark, and the whole
of the lamps on the bridge are lighted.—Distant
thunder.

Dick. We may shut up shop for to-night, I take it.

Third W. I fancy so, *Dick.* [*A noise heard without, R.*

Voices. [*Without, R.*] Thank ye, master—long life to ye, sir!

Third W. What's the row?

Dick. [*Looking down the steps, R.*] Why, this here swell, as has been practizing in the river the last six or eight days.

Third W. Vot swell?

Dick. Him as Jack knows.

Enter EDMUND LORRINGTON up the steps, R. S. E., in rowing attire, followed by a Waterman with his coat, &c.

Lor. Splendid day, my lads. [*To the Waterman.*] Hand over the scarlet. [*Takes the neckerchief.*

Dick. Hope your honour's been pleased with your pull?

Lor. Delighted! This is the land! Talk of our Indian rivers, mighty though they be, give me old Thames, with the wealth of worlds below the bridges, and the gardens of England above them!

Dick. If many thought like your honour, it wouldn't be such hard lines with us poor cripples. But few care for us poor watermen now.

Lor. The more the pity! Should war again threaten, where can we look for trained seamen, but amid the craftsmen of the river?

Re-enter JACK up the steps, R. S. E.

Jack. A spicey day's work—two bob and a tanner—to say nothing of the browns. Squire Lorrington, sir, hope you're vell to-day—saw you pulling up the river along with Parish.

Lor. Well! *Jack.* I'm light as a cork, hard as iron, and happy as a bird. By the bye, *Jack,* who was the lovely creature you were holding on for just now?

Jack. She was a fare of old Joe Hatch.

Lor. The fair of old Joe Hatch! And who the devil's he?

Jack. Who's he? Where have you lived all your life, I

wonder?—not to know Joe Hatch, high chancellor of the river—the oldest sculler——

Lor. Oh ho! I see what you mean by his *fare*, now,—but the lady, who is she?

Jack. Knows nothing of her, but in the way of business—lives hard by, in one of them houses.

Lor. And her name is——

Jack. I don't know—but I think it's a bad one.

Lor. A bad one!—Why?

Jack. 'Cause I fancy she wants to change it—young swell—arm in a sling—tender glances—you know—which is the way to St. Brides!

Lor. Jack, you must gain me further intelligence.—Hark ye!

[*They retire up, c.—The storm gradually increases.*]

Dick. It gets cool of an evening now, don't it? But having nothing to do, and little to eat, makes it cool at any time. [*Jack and Lorrington come forward, c.*]

Lor. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! and so, Jack, your old enemy, the bridge, here, gets on so badly?

Jack. Badly!—Scana'lous! Very few goes over 'cept some poor critturs as wants to destroy themselves; they pay all as von, so the bridge makes drowning come expensive. [*A scream and uproar heard, R.*] What's the row?

Enter Boy, running up the steps, R. S. E.

Boy. Jack, Jack!—boat upset!

Lor. Any one in her?

Boy. Yes, yes, three or four on 'em.

Lor. Then, damme, here goes! [*Pulling off his coat.*] Confound the coat!

Jack. [*To the Lamplighter on the Bridge.*] Up with your glim—flare up on the river, you spindlesbanks!—This way, your honour!

[*Hurried music.—Jack rushes down the steps, R. S. E., closely followed by Lorrington and the Boy.*]

Dick. [*To the Lamplighter.*] Can you see anything, Bob?

Lamplighter. [*Holding a torch, and looking over the balustrades, R.*] A woman, afloat, by jingo!

Dick. A woman!

Lamplighter. He's got her!—out go the boats—pull away, you devils, do!—there goes Jack—go it, Jack!—

long life to you, Jack!—go to work—it's all right, it's all right—they're safe enough.

[Comes forward through the gate.]

Dick. My heart's been in my mouth for the last five minutes, and now, it's all in my eyes. Oh! Bob, I will say that for Jack, that a creature in danger is quite enough for him. I believe, that there chap would give his life any day to protect a child or a woman.

Lamplighter. And so he ought to do.

Dick. Aye, but Bob, my boy, how werry few on us there are, as does all as they ought to do.

MUSIC.—Re-enter LORRINGTON up the steps, R. S. E., bearing CLARA in his arms.

Cla. (c.) [Recovering.] Thank heavens!

Lor. (c.) She speaks! Don't be alarmed—a mere plunge—all is safe—all well.

Cla. Where—where is my uncle?—where is Charles?

Lor. The younger gentleman was helped into a boat.

Cla. Ah! then my uncle——

MUSIC.—Re-enter JACK up the steps, R. S. E., bearing OLD QUILLET.

Jack. Here he is, miss—little the worse for his water-works. Can you stand, old gentleman?

Qui. (R. c.) Yes, thank you! thank you!

Jack. (R.) Where's old Joe?

Dick. [Coming forward, R.] Poor Joe, I fear, is——

Qui. Has anybody got the dog?

Jack. D—n the dog! *[Calling off.]* Joe Hatch!—Out boats there! Old Joe's afloat! *[Rushes down the steps.]*

Enter Female Servants from the house, L.

Female S. Oh, miss!—oh, sir!—whatever has happened?

Qui. What the devil do you suppose has happened?—Don't you see we're both drowned? What do you stand there for? Take Clara in.

Cla. No, not 'till I know my cousin's fate!

Jack. [Without, R.] Right as a trivet! here we are!

MUSIC.—Re-enter JACK up the steps, R. S. E., bearing in JOE HATCH, and followed by CHARLES, who rushes to Clara, L. C.—The Watermen range, R.

Cla. [*Introducing Lorrington.*] Charles, dear—dear Charles, join me in giving thanks here.

Joe. [*Raising his hand.*] No, join *me* in giving thanks—
THERE!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Hovel, behind Old Hungerford Market—a door, R. F.—a fire, with a tea kettle on it, L. F.—a table, chair, and stool, near C. F.*

Enter MRS. HATCH, D. F.

Mrs. H. How my old man do loiter surely: here's his nice hot basin of tea all ready, and the more I keep on watching for him, the more he won't come.

Joe Hatch. [*Singing without.*]

“’Twas Landlady Meg, who made such rare flip.”

Enter JOE HATCH, D. F., with a pipe in his mouth.

Mrs. H. You've been a flipping on it this morning, Joe, you have.

Joe. Don't kick up a breeze, old girl; I've been doing a good morning's work. Have you had your breakfasts?

Mrs. H. Yes, an hour ago. What are you fumbling in your pockets for now?

Joe. A sojer. [*Taking out a red herring.*] Ah! there he is,—what ignorant know-nothings calls a bloater. Now, look at the law and reason of the case—it swims, don't it? [*Mrs. Hatch nods.*] Werry well, then, it's a floater as they means all the while.

Mrs. H. Well, I never did think of that afore.

Joe. How should you, when you arn't studied the reason of things as I are.

Mrs. H. There now, if I haven't lent that plaguy Mrs. Slummins our gridiron. That there woman is always a borrowing of something or other.

Joe. Never mind, old girl.

Mrs. H. But I do mind, 'cause I like to see you have things comfortable. [*Calling.*] Mrs. Slummins! [*Exit, D. F.*]

Joe. That's a good old soul! Thirty years are ve weathered the storm together; it's damaged her figure—

head, and she goes more slack in her stays than she did ; but she's sound in her hull, and *here* [*Striking his breast*] she's heart of oak. Making a fuss about a gridiron!—Woman arn't no philosophy nor invention. I'll find a spit in less than no time. [*Takes his pipe, spits the herring on it, and puts the tube into the fire.*] There's Old Joe Hatch's patent roasting jack.

Re-enter MRS. HATCH, D. F.

Mrs. H. That there precious woman's gone out.—And Joe, here's a flashy chap below, as wants you.

Joe. Oars or scullers?

Mrs. H. Neither ; he wants to speak to you, he says, on 'tick'lar business.

Joe. 'Tick'lar business ! What's stirring now, I wonder ? Well, old girl, show him up.

Mrs. H. Do put away that bloater there, it does look so precious untidy.

Joe. Untidy !—That's the way new inventions is always laughed at. Leave it where it is, old girl, and send this here chap up.

Mrs. H. Well, I never ! [*Calling off, D. F.*] You're to come up if you please—stairs is rather cranky.

[*Joe sits on the stool R. of the table, and having cooked the herring, he commences breakfast, and sings—*

“A sheer hulk is poor Tom Bowling, the darling of his crew.”

Enter FLORIMOND FRAGILE, D. F.

Fra. By a positive miracle I've ascended the stairs without breaking my neck. [*Putting his handkerchief to his nose.*] Faugh ! no olfactories could stand this ! What is that abominable effluvia ?

Joe. What do you mean by fluvi-yer ?

Fra. Remove that—whatever it is—or I shall faint.

Joe. Faint, and welcome ! Drat my old shoes !

Fra. A chair ! a chair ! [*Mrs. Hatch brings the chair forward, L.*] Dust it. [*She lifts her apron to do so.*

Joe. [*Rising.*] If you do, I'm blessed ! Who are you, I wonder, that you're to order about the lord chancellor's wife ?

Fra. Lord Chancellor !—

Joe. [*Taking the chair and sitting, R. C.*] Yes, of the river, same as Old Eldon is at t'other place. Here's my woolsack, that there stool will do for you—squat, you lubber !

Fra. [*Aside.*] The old brute will assault me next. [*Gets the stool, and blows the dust off, L.*] All smells of filthy pitch and tar. [*Sits, L.*

[*Joe resumes his breakfast—Mrs. Hatch pours out a bason of tea.*

Joe. [*Turning round good humouredly to Fragile, and offering a piece of herring on bread.*] Will you have a bite?

Fra. Take the—whatever it is—away!

Joe. [*Mimicking.*] Take it away! I'll put it away. [*Eats.*] And now, my flower of the valley, what are you got to say to old Joe Hatch?

Fra. Mr. Joseph Hatch, my businsss is private. [*Joe looks earnestly at him.*] Let that female abscond.

Mrs. H. (R.) Female! Well, I'm sure!

Joe. Hold these here. [*Gives the basin, &c., to Mrs. Hatch, who puts them on the table.*] I'll tell you what it is, young flashaway; that's my wife, the mother of five brave lads, and three honest women, and if you offer her any sauce, drat my old shoes, if I don't spoil your countenance. Say what you've to say, fair and above board. [*Taking Mrs. Hatch on his knee.*] Sit here, old girl.

Fra. [*Aside.*] The indecency of the lower orders is dreadful. [*Aloud.*] I hadn't the slightest intention of affronting Mrs. Joseph Hatch. You know a creature, who has no regular name, but whom they call John in the Water?

Joe. [*Mimicking.*] John in the Water! Where have you been all you life?—Jack o' the Water, you mean?

Fra. Very like. I'm not learned in nautical matters. Did you know his mother?

Mrs. H. [*Springing up.*] I did, poor soul! Aye, she's dead and gone, many a day.

Fra. She had been—deceived,—I think that's the word they used,—deceived by a gentleman, who went abroad.

Mrs. H. I don't know what you mean by that there; she was a lawful married woman; the brute deserted her; she dragged on as she could; but years came, and went, and no news; and, poor creature, at last she died in the workhouse.

Fra. (L.) [*Taking snuff affectedly.*] Just so. And could you identify this John—I beg your pardon—this Young Gentleman in the Water, as her son?

Joe. [*Rising.*] 'Dentify him! Why, bless you, when his mother died, he was a little thing, no higher than that, and

But through soiled weeds his muffled form did show
A wild and terrible grandeur.

Clo. I marked him too. He mixed not with the rest,
But o'er his wild mates held a stern controul;
Their rudest burst of riotous merriment
Beneath his dark eye's stilling energy
Was hushed to silence.

Imo. He never spoke?

Clo. No, he did nought but sigh.

Imo. Call him hither.

There is a mystery of woe about him
That strongly moves my fancy.

Clo. Wilt thou confer alone, at night, with one
Who bears such fearful form?

Imo. Why therefore send him—

All things of fear have lost their power o'er me.

[*Exit Clotilda, L. U. E.—Imogene appears to be debating with herself how to receive him.*]

If he do bear, like me, a withered heart,
I will not mock him with a sound of comfort.

Enter BERTRAM, slowly, L. U. E., his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the earth—Imogene does not recognise him.

A form like that hath broken on my dreams
So darkly wild, so proudly stern,
Doth it rise on me waking?

[*Bertram comes forward, L. C., and stands without looking at her.*]

Stranger, I sent for thee, for that I deemed
Some wound was thine, that yon free band might chafe,—
Perchance thy worldly wealth sunk with you wreck—
Such wound my gold can heal—the castle's almoner—

Ber. The wealth of worlds were heaped on me in vain.

Imo. Oh, then, I read thy loss. Thy heart is sunk
In the dark waters pitiless; some dear friend,
Or brother, loved as thine own soul, lies there.
Gold I can give, but can no comfort give
For I am comfortless.

Ber. [*Striking his heart.*] No dews give freshness to
this blasted soil!

Imo. Strange is thy form, but more thy words are strange.
Fearful it seems to hold this parley with thee.
Tell me thy race and country.

Ber. What avails it ?

The wretched have no country : that dear name
Comprises home, kind kindred, fostering friends,
Protecting laws,
But none of these are mine ;—I have no country—
And for my race, the last dread trump shall wake
The sheeted relics of mine ancestry,
Ere trump of herald to the armed lists
In the bright blazon of their stainless coat,
Calls their lost child again.

Imo. [*Aside.*] I shake to hear him !—
There is an awful thrilling in his voice ! [*Aloud.*]
If nor my bounty nor my tears can aid thee,
Stranger, farewell ; and 'mid thy misery
Pray, when thou tell'st thy beads, for one more wretched.

Ber. Stay, gentle lady, I would somewhat with thee.

[*Imogene retreats terrified, R.*

Thou shalt not go ! [*Detains her.*

Imo. Shall not !—Who art thou ?—Speak !

Ber. And must I speak ?

There was a voice which all the world but thee
Might have forgotten, and had been forgiven.

Imo. My senses blaze !—Between the dead and living
I stand in fear !—Oh God !—It cannot be !—
Those thick black locks—those wild and sun-burnt features,
He looked not thus—but then that voice—

[*Tottering towards him.*

It cannot be !—for he would know my name.

Ber. Imogene !— [*She shrieks, and falls into his arms.*
Imogene !—yes.

Thus pale, cold, dying, thus thou art most fit
To be enfolded to this most desolate heart—
A blighted lily on an icy bed——

Nay, look not up, 'tis thus I would behold thee.
That pale cheek looks like truth—I'll gaze no more ;
That fair, that pale, dear cheek, these helpless arms,
If I look longer, they will make me human.

Imo. [*Starting from him.*] Fly—fly ! the vassals of
thine enemy wait
To do thee dead.

Ber. Then let them wield the thunder !
Fell is their dint, who're mailed in despair.
Let mortal might sever the grasp of Bertram !

[*Seizes her arm.*

Imo. Release me! [*Aside.*] I must break from him—he knows not—

Oh!

Ber. [*Releasing her.*] Imagine, madness seizes me—
Why do I find thee in mine enemy's walls?
What dost thou do in halls of Aldobrand?
Infernal light doth shoot athwart my mind—
Swear thou art a dependant on his bounty,
That chance, or force, or sorcery, brought thee hither.
'Thou canst not be—my throat is swoln with agony—
Hell hath no plague—Oh no, thou couldst not do it.

Imo. [*Kneeling, c.*] Mercy!

Ber. Thou hast it not, or thou wouldst speak—
Speak—speak! [*With frantic violence.*]

Imo. I am the wife of Aldobrand,—
To save a famishing father did I wed.

Ber. I will not curse *her*—but the hoarded vengeance—

Imo. Aye—curse, and consummate the horrid spell,
For broken-hearted, in despairing hour,
With every omen dark and dire I wedded—
Some ministering demon mocked the robed priest,
With some dark spell, not holy vow they bound me,
Full were the rites of horror and despair.
They wanted but—the seal of Bertram's curse.

Ber. [*Not heeding her.*] Talk not of her father! Could
a father love thee

As I have loved? In want, and war, and peril,
Things that would thrill the hearer's blood to tell of,
My heart grew human when I thought of thee!—
Imagine would have bound my leechless wound—
Imagine would have sought my nameless corse,
And known it well—and she was wedded!—wedded!—
Was there no name in hell's dark catalogue
To brand thee with, but my mortal foe's?—
And did I 'scape from war, and want, and famine,
To perish by the falsehood of a woman? [*Crosses to R.*]

Imo. Oh, spare me, Bertram!—oh, preserve thyself!

Ber. A despot's vengeance, a false country's curses,
The scorn of menials whom this hand had fed—
In my heart's steeled pride I shook them off,
As the bayed lion from his hurtless hide
Shakes his pursuers' darts—
One dart alone took aim, thy hand did barb it.

Imo. He did not hear my father's cry—Oh, heaven !—
Nor food, nor fire, nor raiment, and his child
Knelt madly to the hungry walls for succour,
E'er her wrought brain could bear the horrid thought,
Or wed with him—or—see thy father perish.

Ber. Thou tremblest least I curse thee,—tremble not.
Thou thou hast made me, woman, very wretched,
Though thou hast made me——But I will not curse thee.
Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart,
That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes !—
Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee ;
May pomp and pride shout in thine adder'd path,
Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness ;
May he thou'st wed, be kind and generous to thee
Till thy wrung heart, stabb'd by his noble fondness,
Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood ;
May thy babe's smile speak daggers to that mother
Who cannot love the father of her child,
And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,
When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee,
May ruined Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear—
Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand—
While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her towers !

[*Going, L.*]

Imo. [*Detaining him.*] Stay !

Ber. No.

Imo. Thou hast a dagger.

Ber. Not for woman.—

Imo. It was my prayer to die in Bertram's presence,
But not by wounds like these.— [Falls.]

Ber. [*Turning back.*] On the cold earth !—
I do forgive thee from my inmost soul !—

The CHILD of Imogine rushes in, L., and clings to her.

Child. Mother !

[*Bertram eagerly snatches up the child.—A pause.*]

Ber. God bless thee, child !—Bertram hath kissed thy
child !

[*He rushes off, L.*]

Imo. Bertram—Bertram !

[*The Child clings to her, and the curtain falls.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Enter ST. ALDOBRAND *with a* PAGE, R. U. E., *speaking.*

Ald. Hold thou my good steed, page; the moon is down,
We've far outstript the knights, but slacker speed
Hath found a surer road. Where, think'st thou, are we?
Vainly I listen through the night so still

For bell that tells of holy convent near;
All is dark, still, and lorn. Where deemest thou are we?

Page. Oh, we are nigh a fell and fearful spot,
For by the last gleams of the sunken moon
I saw the towers——

Ald. What towers are they, boy?

Page. The ruined towers that 'tis said are haunted.

Ald. Then, not four leagues divide me from mine home.—
Mine home—it is a plessant sound,—there bide
My dame and child—all pleasant thoughts dwell there.

[*A bell tolls, L. U. E.*

Hark! 'tis the convent bell, forego thy tale—
The blessed thoughts of home are in that sound
That near my castle's gallant walls doth float—

[*A Chorus of Knights heard faintly from the Forest,*
L. U. E.]

What voices swell upon the midnight air?

Page. St. Anselm's knights.

Ald. Yes, 'tis their pious wont,
When journeying near the sound of convent bell,
'Mid flood or fire, to raise the holy hymn
That chaunts the praise of their protecting saint.
List to the solemn harmony,
Guided by that we may rejoin their company.

[*Exeunt, L.—The Chorus is heard again, and continues drawing nearer as the scene changes.*

SCENE II.—*The Convent.*

The PRIOR *discovered reading, L. C., and* BERTRAM, R. C.,
viewing him with the attention of one who envies him.

Ber. How many hours have passed since matin-bell?

Prior. I know not, till it sound again to vespers.

Time passes o'er us with a noiseless lapse :
Our hours are marked alone by prayer and study,
And know no change but by their mute succession.

Ber. Yea ; thus they live, if this may life be called,
Where moving shadows mock the parts of men.
Prayer follows study, study yields to prayer,
Bell echoes bell, till wearied with the summons,
The ear doth ache for that last welcome peal
That tolls an end to listless vacancy.

[They rise and come forward.]

The storm for Bertram !—and it hath been with me,
Dealt with me branch and hole, bared me to th' roots,
And where the next wave bears my perished trunk
In its dread lapse, I neither know, nor reck of.

Prior. Thou desperate man, whom mercy woos in vain,
Although with miracles she pleads—
Forbear, I say, to taint these holy echoes
With the fell sounds of thy profane despair.

Ber. Good monk, I am beholden to your patience.
Take this from one, whose lips do mock at praise ;
Thou art a man, whose mild and reverend functions
Might bid my better angel half return.
But—'tis impossible—I will not trouble thee—
The wayward Bertram and his moody mates
Are tenants all unmeet for cloistered walls—
We will find fitter home.

Prior. Whither wilt thou resort ?

Ber. Is there no forest
Whose shades are dark enough to shelter us ;
Or cavern rifted by the perilous lightning,
Where we must grapple with the tenanting wolf
To earn our bloody lair ?—there let us bide,
Nor hear the voice of man, nor call of heaven.

Prior. Wend not, I charge thee, with those desperate men.
Full well I wot who are thy fearful mates.—
In their stern strife with the incensed deep,
That dashed them bruised and breathless on our shores,
When their drenched hold forsook both gold and geer,
They griped their daggers with a murderer's instinct.
—I read thee for the leader of a band
Whose trade is blood—

Ber. Well then, thou knowest the worst—
I am their leader.

Prior. Mark what I read : renounce that horrid league—
Flee to the Castle of St. Aldobrand ;
His power may give thee safety, and his dame
May plead for thee against the law's stern purpose—
All as thou art unknown—

Ber. His dame plead for me !—
When my cold corse, torn from some felon wheel,
Or dug from lightless depth of stony dungeon,
Welters in the cold gaze of pitiless strangers,
Then fling it at his gate, whose cursed stones
My living foot treads never,—yet beware
Lest the corse burst his cearments dark, and curse thee !
[Crosses to l.]

Prior. Hush, hush these horrid sounds. Where wilt
thou bide ?
Near us nor knight nor baron holds his keep,
For far and wide thy foeman's land extends.

Ber. The world hath ample realms beyond his power.
The frozen mountain, or the burning sand,
Would be more wholesome than the fertile realm
That's lorded o'er by Aldobrand. [Exit, l.]

Prior. Wild admiration thrills me to behold
An evil strength, so above earthly pitch—
Descending angels only, could reclaim thee.

Enter SECOND MONK, R.

Second M. The lady of St. Aldobrand in haste
Craves swift admittance to your sacred cell.

Prior. She is a gracious, and a pious dame,
And doth our cell much honour by her presence.
[Exit Second Monk, R.]

Enter IMOGINE, R.—she kneels to the Prior.

Prior. (L. c.) The blessings of these sainted walls be on
thee !

Why art thou thus disturbed, what moves thee, daughter ?

Imo. Nay, do not raise me with those reverend hands.
I am a wretched, soul-struck, guilty woman.

Prior. Thou dost amaze me ; by mine holy order
I deemed no legends of our cloistered saints
Held holier records of pure sanctity,
Than the clear answer of thy stainless life
To shrift's most piercing search—

Imo. [*Rising.*] Oh, holy prior! I am a wretch,
I've nursed a slumbering serpent till it stung me,
And from my heart's true guardian, hid its foulness.

Prior. Thou'st done an evil deed—
For sin is of the soul, and thine is tainted;
But most I blame thee, that from thy soul's guardian
Thou hiddest thy secret guilt.

Imo. I knew it not.
Last night, oh! last night told a dreadful secret:—
The moon went down, its sinking ray shut out
The parting form of one beloved too well.
With nought that loved me, and with nought to love,
I stood upon the desert earth alone—
I stood and wondered at my desolation—
And in that deep and utter agony,
Though then, then ever most unfit to die,
I fell upon my knees, and prayed for death.

Prior. Art thou a wife and mother, and canst speak
Of life rejected by thy desperate passion—
These bursting tears, wrung hands, and burning words
Are these the signs of penitence or passion?
“Thou comest to me, for to my ear alone
“May the deep secret of thy heart be told,
“And fancy riot in the luscious poison—
“Fond of the misery we paint so well,
“Proud of the sacrifice of broken hearts,
“We pour on heav'n's dread ear, what man's would shrink
from—
“Yea, make a merit of the impious insult.
“And wrest the functions of mine holy office
“To the foul ministry of earthly passion.”

Imo. Why came I here, I had despair at home—
Where shall the wretch resort whom Heaven forsakes?

Prior. Thou hast forsaken Heaven.
Speed to thy castle, shut thy chamber door,
Bind fast thy soul by every solemn vow
Never to hold communion with that object—
If still thy heart's responses yield no harmony—
Weary thy saint with agonies of prayer;
On the cold marble quench thy burning breast;
Number with every bead a tear of soul;
Press to thy heart the cross, and bid it banish
The form that would usurp its image there.

Imo. [*Kneeling.*] One parting word—

Prior. No, not one parting look—

[*Turns away, and crosses to R.*]

One parting thought—I charge thee on thy soul.

Imo. [*Turning away.*] He never loved.

[*She seizes his robes.*]

Prior. Why clingest thou to my raiment?

Thy grasp of grief is stronger on my heart—

Enter FIRST MONK and PAGE, R.

First M. Hail, holy prior, and hail thou noble dame ;
With joyful heart I break upon your privacy.

[*The Prior crosses to c.*]

St. Aldobrand before his own good gates

Doth rein his war-steed's pride ; the warder's horn

Full merrily rings his peal of welcome home.

I hied me onward with the joyful tidings

To greet his happy dame.

Prior. Now, by my beads, the news is wond'rous welcome.

[*To the Page, L. corner.*]

Hath thy brave lord in safety reached his home?

[*Apart to Imogene, L. c.*]

Clear thy dimmed brow, for shame ! hie to thy lord,

And show a dame's true duty in his welcome. [*To the Page.*]

Came with thy lord the knights of good St. Anselm

Bearing the banner of their guardian saint

Safe from the infidel scathe ?

Page. They come with speed—

Though lately in the forest's wildering maze ;

Last night their shelter was the broad brown oak.

Prior. High praise be given ! Haste ! summon all our
brethren. [*Exit First Monk, R.*]

Th' occasion, noble dame, doth call me from thee—

So Benedicite. [*Exeunt Prior and Page, R.*]

Imo. That word should mean—

A blessing rest on me.—I am not blest—

Would I were seared in guilt, or strong in innocence—

I dare not search my heart ; some iron vow

Shall bind me down in passive wretchedness,

And mock the force of my rebellious heart.

Enter BERTRAM, L.

Ha ! art thou there ?

Come kneel with me, and witness to the vow

I offer to renounce thee, and to die.

Ber. Nay, it is meet that we renounce each other.
Have we not been a miserable pair ?
Hath not our fatal passion cursed, not blessed us ?
Had we not loved, how different were our fates ;
For thou hadst been a happy honoured dame,
And I had slept the sleep of those that dream not—
But life was dear, while Imogine did love.

Imo. Witness my vow, while I have breath to speak it.

Ber. Then make it thus—why dost thou shrink from me ?
Despair hath its embrace as well as passion.
When the rich soil teemed with youth's generous flowers,
I felt thee sunshine ; now thy rayless light
Falls like the cold moon on a blasted heath,
Mocking its desolation.—Speak thy vow—
I will not chide thee if the words should kill me.

Imo. [*Sinking into his arms.*] I cannot utter it.

Ber. Have we not loved, as none have ever loved,
And must we part as none have ever parted ?
I know thy lord is near ; I know his tower
Must shut thee from my sight—the curfew-hour
Will send me on a far and fearful journey.
Give me one hour, nor think thou givest too much,
When grief is all the boon.

Imo. One hour to *thee* ?

Ber. When the cold moon gleams on thy castle walls,
Wilt thou not seek the spot where last we met ?
That be our parting spot. Oh ! Imogine,
Heaven that denies the luxury of bliss
Shall yield at least the luxury of anguish.
And teach us the stern pride of wretchedness—
Imogine's form did gleam on my last glance,
Imogine's breath did mix with my last sigh,
Imogine's tear doth linger on my cheek,
But ne'er must dew my grave.

Imo. I am desperate
To say I'll meet thee, but I will, will meet thee ;
No future hour will rend my heart like this
Save that which breaks it.

The CHILD runs in, R., and clings to Imogine.

Child. Dear mother, my father is returned, and kissed
and blessed me.

Imo. [*Falling on the Child's neck.*] What have I done ?
My child ! forgive thy mother.

Ber. [*Surveying Imogene with stern contempt.*]
Woman! oh woman! and an urchin's kiss
Rends from thy heart thy love of many years.
Go, virtuous dame, to thy most happy lord,
And Bertram's image taint your kiss with poison. [*Exit, L.*]

Imo. 'Tis but the last—and I have sworn to meet him.
My boy, my boy, thy image will protect me!
[*She kneels, c., and kisses her Child, as the Act Drop falls.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Beneath the Castle Walls.—Night, dark.*

BERTRAM appears, *L. U. E.*, in the utmost agitation—he extends his arms towards the spot where the Moon has just disappeared.

Ber. Thou hidest away thy face and wilt not view me;
All the bright lights of heaven are dark above me.
Beneath the black cope of this starless night
There lurks no darker soul—
Bertram hath nought above the meanest losel—
I should have bearded him in halls of pride—
I should have mated him in fields of death—
Not stol'n upon his secret bower of peace,
And breathed a serpent's venom on his flower.

[*He looks up at the casement of the tower, R. U. E., at which a light appears—he gazes on it.*]

She is there—

She weeps—no husband wipes her tears away—
She weeps—no babe doth cheer the guilty mother
Aldobrand—No! I never will forgive thee,
For I am sunk beneath thee.

Enter two ROBBERS, of Bertram's Band, L.

Who art thou?

First R. Why dost thou wander in the woods alone,
Leaving thy mates to play with idle hilts,
Or dream with monks o'er rosary and relic?

Second R. Give us a deed to do.

Ber. [*Crossing to c.*] Ho ! hear ye, villains,
I know ye both—ye are slaves, that for a ducat
Would rend the screaming infant from the breast
To plunge it in the flames ;
Yea, draw your keen knives cross a father's throat,
And carve with them the bloody meal ye earned.
Villains, rejoice, your leader's crimes have purged you ;
You punished guilt—I preyed on innocence—
Ye have beheld me fallen—Begone ! begone !

First R. (R.) Why then, Heaven's benison be with you,
Thoul't need it if thou tarriest longer here.

Ber. (c.) How, slave, what fear you ?

Second R. (L.) Fly ; this broad land hath not one spot
to hide thee,

Danger and death await thee in those walls.

Ber. They'd fell a blasted tree—well let it fall—
But though the perished trunk feel not the wound,
Woe to the smiting hand—its fall may crush him.

First R. Lord Aldobrand
Holds high commission from his sovereign liege
To hunt thy outlaw'd life through Sicily.

Ber. [*Wildly.*] Who ?—what ?— [*Crosses to l.*]

Second R. (c.) We mingled with the men at arms
As journeying home. Their talk was of Count Bertram,
Whose vessel had from Manfredonia's coast
Been traced towards this realm.

First R. And if on earth this living form were found,
Lord Aldobrand had power to seal his doom.

Ber. [*Bursting into ferocity.*] Villain ! abhorred villain !
Hath he not pushed me to extremity ?

Are these wild weeds, these scarred and scathed limbs,
This wasted frame, a mark for human malice ?

There have been those, who from the high bark's side
Have whelmed their enemy in the flashing deep ;

But who hath watch'd to see his struggling hands,
To hear the sob of death ? Fool !—idiot !—idiot !—

'Twas but e'en now, I would have knelt to him

With the prostration of a conscious villain—

I would have crouched beneath his spurning feet—

I would have felt their trampling tread, and blessed it,—

For I had injured him, and mutual injury

Had freed my burthened heart. Villain ! I thank thee.

First R. Wilt thou fly ?

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Buckingham Water Gate, Strand.*

Enter DUFFY, L., carrying a portmanteau.

Duf. Dash the portmantle ! it's as heavy as a house ;— I'm all in a lillydew with it. [*Puts it down, c., and sits on it.*] Howsomer, I carries my comfort in my pocket.

[*Takes out a bottle, and drinks.*]

Enter DIDAPPER, L.—he crosses to R.

knows that there cocksparrow. Why, Bob !

Didap. Sir !—What, Duffy, is it you ?

Duf. Bless you, yes. [*Offering the bottle.*] Will you take a pull ?

Didap. Why, it's cold, and I don't mind if I do. [*Drinks, and returns the bottle.*] Duffy, you look in prime case—things is hard with me.

Duf. I'm 'feared they is. Why did you leave your place at the Angel ?

Didap. Because I was tempted by the devil. That Mr. Fragile—you remember him ?

Duf. What, that pomatum and scent chap ?

Didap. Yes : he told me he'd make my fortune ; introduced me to the play-world. I thought I was a deep one ; I was no better than a ass and a idiot ; they did me as brown as a bun.

Duf. And what are you doing on now ?

Didap. Anything they gambler chaps tells me. I'm a bonnett at the races—waiter—pluck-'em-in man. Duffy, a waiter's place is hard enough, but a gambler's slavey is the devil itself. [*Duffy offers the bottle.*] Well, thankye, I don't mind if I do. [*Drinks.*] And how's all going at the Angel ?

Duf. Bobbish. You know as Betty is left us ?

Didap. No !

Duf. Oh, many months ago.

Didap. How came that ?

Duf. All through that precious Mr. Fragile as you calls him. He came over from France, sich a swell, and told us a lot about that there Jack in the Water as was——

Didap. John Lorrington, Esquire, as is.

Duf. Well, he—this pomatumy chap—got over sweet upon Betty, and you know she was as good a girl as ever trod in shoes. There was a squall and a row.

Didap. I see, wanted to be too fond.

Duf. Rayther. Betty complained to master, and he, like a thing as he are, sided along with this Fragile, 'cause he promised to be making o' the house, and so poor Betty left us. This here new Mr. Lorrington's expected every moment from Paris; have you seen anything of t'other one?

Didap. What, Mr. Edmund Lorrington as we called him? Ah! poor chap——

Duf. U, P?

Didap. Yes, and C, D. Arter he'd been divorced from his wife, he took to this—[*Imitates drinking.*] played, lost, and has come down now to a regular shab. Bless you, I'm a swell to him.

Duf. Sorry for it: I don't care for his being a hillegitimate, as they call it, he was a real gentleman at heart.

Didap. He was, Duffy, he was; and now he don't even know where to lay his head of a night, or where to get a breakfast of a morning.

Duf. Poor chap! I say, Bob, I'm always up all night, at the gate,—tell him so. I'm not one of them ungrateful chaps as forgets the crowns as has been given him. If he comes, there's a bite, a sup, and a dab for him.

Didap. Duffy, you have a heart in your bosom.

Duf. I has, and a bob in my pocket. Let's come on to the mitre. Give us a lift.

Didap. [*Assisting him.*] Bless me, it's heavy.

Duf. Yes, it's that there Mr. Fragile's portmantle, as I've had to fetch away from the docks.

Didap. I wonder how your constitution stands sitting up all night. and carrying heavy weights *here* all day.

[*Pointing to his shoulder.*]

Duf. Why, Bob, it's better than gambling all night, and carrying nothing at all *here* all day. [*Tapping his pockets.*] But come along, a drop of someat warm will hurt neither of us.

Didap. I'm sure it won't, for misfortunes have crushed my spirits. and regularly sunk my heart down into my half-boots.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber—a table, with letters on it, and chair, R. C.*

EMILY LORRINGTON, *discovered, seated at the table, looking at a miniature of Lorrington.*

Emily. No tidings—no traces of him! Oh! pride of heart, what pangs do you entail! I was once happy, happy in his love. Had I pardoned his errors, time would have taught him to renounce them. How is it with us now? I dwell in splendid misery, he is a homeless wanderer.

[*A knock heard, L.*

Enter FOOTMAN, L.

Foot. A young woman after the place, my lady.

[*Emily nods.*

Enter BETTY, L.—She is shown in by the Footman, who exits, L.

Emily. I'm sorry I could not see you yesterday, and I fear you now call in vain.

Betty. I hope not, ma'am, I'm sure.

Emily. From what you told Stanley, the housekeeper, you have been out of place some time, and your last situation was at a hotel; that is no recommendation.

Betty. No, ma'am, but it's the truth, and I thought it best to tell it.

Emily. [*Nods approvingly.*] You quarrelled with your late master, and do not feel assured that he would recommend you? [*Betty courtesies.*] Who, then, is to give you a character?

Betty. Old Hatch, ma'am.

Emily. Who is he?

Betty. Only a poor waterman, ma'am; but everybody knows Hatch is as honest as the day, and——

Emily. [*Taking out her purse.*] I am sorry you have lost your time. [*Giving money.*] Accept this: I cannot allow any one to enter my service with a recommendation so equivocal as that you bring.

Betty. Very well, my lady. Your servant. [*Sighing heavily.*] Heaven help me! [*Going, in tears, L.*

Emily. Stay; do not weep, I feel for you, and if I hear well of this old man——

Betty. Hear well of him, ma'am! no one could speak ill of Old Joe—indeed, if you please, ma'am, thinking you had heard of him, made me so bold as to call twice.

Emily. [*Smiling.*] How should I hear of him?

Betty. Please, ma'am,—I hope I shan't offend you, ma'am,—but weren't you once Mrs. Lorrington?

Emily. I was.

Betty. Then, ma'am, of course your husband was Mr. Edmund Lorrington, and if you please, Old Hatch was a great favourite of his'n.

Emily. Indeed! Where is Hatch?

Betty. Below, ma'am; he came along with me.

Emily. Ring, child. [*Sinks into the chair.*] No, go yourself, fetch the old man hither.

Betty. Oh! yes, ma'am.

[*Exit, L.*]

Emily. Dear, dear to my heart is his name, dearer now, in his want and thrall, than at the happy moment that he made me his. [*Rising.*] There is a simplicity in this poor girl that wins upon me.

Re-enter BETTY, L., leading in JOE HATCH.

You come to speak to this young woman's character—is she related to you?

Joe. (L.) No, ma'rm.

[*Betty retires up, L.*]

Emily. She cannot have been in your service?

Joe. La bless you, ma'rm! my old woman does the little I want.

Emily. How, then, can you vouch for her character, or her capabilities?

Joe. As to her character, my lady, I can vouch for that. I've know'd her ever sin' she was a little gal at charity school, and have watch'd her ever since.

Emily. Why did she leave her last place?

Joe. Why, the poor gal was insulted, and resented it, and for that, she was turn'd into the street at one o'clock of a cold winter's morning. She'd no shelter to go to, save my poor cabin; she came there. You see, I've got gals of my own, and felt for a houseless one. Well, the end of it is, my old woman took her in.

Emily. I'm satisfied. [*Confusedly.*] You sent her hither, I hear, because you knew Mr. Lorrington?

Joe. Yes, my lady, you see this was as it was: I heard

from Duffy, the porter of the "Angel," as you wanted a sarvant, and hearing you was a regular angel yourself——

Emily. [*Smiling.*] And from whom did you hear that?

Joe. 'Xcuse me, my lady, but servants will talk of their missusses, and I never heard a sweeter cha-racter than every one on 'em give you. Mind you, my lady, they're generally good ones as sarvants speaks well of.

Emily. I know Mr. Lorrington delighted in aquatic sports; it was thus you met him, I presume?

Joe. It war,—and I never met nothing like him since; he'd a heart big enough for a bullock, and tender enough for a babby, and such a lovely hand at an oar.

Emily. Do you know where he is at present?

Joe. No, my lady, things has gone cross with him.

Emily. Is he destitute?—is he in actual want?

Joe. Heaven knows, my lady, I fear he is.

Betty. [*Coming forward, c.*] I know he is, my lady. Oh! ma'am, I remember Mr. Lorrington, too; he stayed at the Angel—he was the kindest, the noblest——Joe, do tell my lady all you know.

Emily. Do—I conjure you, do!

Joe. (L.) [*Trying to speak.*] I can't, my lady, I can't.

Emily. Man, you torture me!

Joe. Why, then, my lady, [*Crossing to c.*] I remembers him as noble a looking bark as ever stemmed the wave.—Well, in course, I couldn't help noticing for the last twelve months, he'd come down to low water mark.

Betty. And the last time as ever Old Joe saw him, my lady, was at Waterloo Bridge Stairs—

Emily. Well?—you rack me!

Joe. He hadn't a penny in the world to pay the toll, and I ferried him over.

Emily. [*Sinking into a chair.*] Oh! God—oh! God. [*Betty crosses to R.—Emily starts up.*] Do you know where he is now—could you find him? Oh! you have wrung my heart. Come with me to my steward. Is this thy fate, my Edmund? [*To Betty.*] Give me your arm, child.—Follow—follow, old man. [*Exeunt Emily and Betty, R.*

Joe. Follow! that I will, as fast as a prize yatch. Drat my old shoes! I've done the poor fellow a good turn without knowing I'd a chance of doing it. What's the matter with your pins, old crazy one? [*Exit, limping, R.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber.*

Enter FLORIMOND FRAGILE, L.

Fra. Faugh! I smell the nauseous gas of London once again. "A little yet," as the playhouse fellow says, "a little yet," and, Florimond Fragile, you will be as independent, as you are fascinating, and that's saying something. I have wasted my sweetness upon this *ci-devant* Jack in the Water, and done him to a pretty good tune.

Enter JACK, L., *singing*, "Fol lol de lol."

Fra. My dear sir, this is not *à-là-mode-de-Paris*.

Jack. Now, don't you come no more of that there gammon. I tell you what it is, you've been a hedivating me, and lecturing, and a hectoring of me, for the last twelve-month, you, and that there Old Quillett, pretending to make a gentleman of me. Why, I defies you.

Fra. My dear sir, I have been your devoted slave.

Jack. Yes, that's all werry well, but I a'n't no peace of my life for you——

Fra. But a gentleman of large fortune——

Jack. D—n large fortunes, with small comforts! I was a sight happier when I was a Jack in the Water. If I wants to blow a cloud, I mustn't.

Fra. Not from a filthy pipe.

Jack. Filthy pipe! why, a cigar's a lot filthier: isn't it better to have a bit of clean clay in your mouth, than a dirty *lettuce* leaf? Now, old feller, it was all werry well in France, 'cos, if I wanted anything, I was like a dumb babby. Von chap said to me, "Eh, Monsieur?" another, "Comment"—and devil's a word could I say in answer. But here I can patter my own vay, so stash all nonsense, and behave as a meeneral should.

Fra. Eh, certainment, Monsieur, *sil vous plait*.

Jack. If you speaks another word like that, down you go! You kept me in Paris as if you was the master; game's up, my covey. [*Fragile is about to speak.*] Now, don't go to say no more, your place is to listen. The gentlemanly thing won't suit me at all. There's my dressing room; I shall never learn the use of half the things as is in it. I'll have no more of them there perfumeries, as you call 'em; and I'll dress my own way—half my life's spent

in buttoning and unbuttoning,—morning dress, dinner dress, hevening dress—it would tire a ox. What's the use of my blunt, if I arn't happy? I often wishes that I was in the water again, and that other chap was I.

Fra. You'd not say so, if you beheld him.

Jack. Why not?

Fra. He's done up, in fact, reduced to the very dregs.

Jack. Poor chap! that's hard lines, too. Here, I say, you go to him, old feller—[*Giving a bank note*] here's a five-er. Go to him, bring him here; he's been used to all this swell business, and misses it; tell him as I never knew of his wants 'till now, and now I do know 'em, he shall never want again.

[*Exit, R.*]

Fra. I can't go hunting out beggars; if I fall across him, half-a-crown will do well enough. I must cut this low fellow, and set up for myself—gather all I can in this creature's service, and retire to the calm serenity of domestic life. My constitution can't stand the shock that Water vagabond gives my delicate nerves.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*Exterior of the "Angel" Inn—two lighted lamps in front of the door.—Dark.*

Enter HORSLEYDOWN DICK, JOE HATCH, and Watermen, R. S. E.

Joe. (L.) I'm smuggled, but I don't care. Dick, I'm as happy—aye, a sight happier than lord chancellors is in general. Betty's got into a place, with sich a angel of a lady!—Talk of Fair Rosomond, and Lady Godiva—

Dick. (R.) Why, Joe, you're in love, as well as in liquor.

Joe. I'm not in liquor, you swab. Joy gives one a fillip like grog. But, I say, come along! I ain't told old woman yet, and her dear heart will leap up again. Oh! Dick, Dick! arn't this a joyious day, hey, old tar?

[*Pulls out a box, and offers a quid of tobacco.*]

Enter JACK from the Inn, R. S. E.

Jack. [*Entering.*] I shan't wear no gloves now, if don't like, so no more of your sauce.

Joe. (R.) Drat my old shoes, if that be'ant our Jack.

Dick. (R. C.) Jack!

Jack. (L.) If you'd hit me in the wind, you couldn't have taken my breath away faster. Old Joe Hatch!

[*Offers to shake hands.*]

Joe. Yes, Old Joe Hatch—and what then?

Jack. Vy, what's the row? Won't you take my hand?

Joe. No, I won't, you don't deserve it.

Jack. Joe, you arn't in earnest, old fellow. What have I done?

Joe. Done! What have you left undone? I don't care for myself—not that—but there was my old woman—D—me! she was a mother and a father to you, and you know it!—And then, arter all, to come to fortune, and never send to say, Old one, here's a couter to get a pound of tea, or so—Oh! d—me, you're not worth the speaking to.

Jack. Hear me—Old Joe, I'm getting serious now, which is rayther out of my line.—Didn't that there Frenchified chap of mine come to you from Paris, with blunt for you, and a dollop for Betty, and all sort of trink-em-trankems?

Joe. No.

Jack. No? Oh! [*Rushing to the door, and ringing the bell violently.*] I'll soon settle this! Joe, I never had a bad heart. D—me! I could cry like a babby, to think Old Joe Hatch should run rusty with me. [*Still ringing.*] Will they never come? [*Music—A Porter opens the door. Spoken through music.*] Come in, Joe—come in, Dick—that d—d thief! Here, Fragile! I say. Come in—do me the right to hear what I have to say. [*Calling.*] Fragile! [*Exit into the Inn.*]

Joe. I thinks he's a good one, yet. Come along!

Dick. Aye, aye, come along! [*Exeunt into the Inn.*]

Enter LORRINGTON, miserably clad, L.

Lor. This is the spot of former joys, this was my hotel; from hence, mad with the revels of a London life, how often have I sprang forth in all the intoxication of what I then deemed pleasure; now, I stand here, a foodless vagrant. Emily! Emily! severely have I paid the penalty of my falsehood; my fancy wandered from you, my heart—never! I am faint for lack of food. Robert said the porter would give me shelter. Heaven knows I need it! It is too early yet, they are astir. I must crawl in when all are abed but him. I'll rest here awhile, that is, if the watch will permit me.

[*Music.—He endeavours to sit on the stone work of the railings, but sinks to the ground.*]

Enter JACK, kicking FRAGILE, from the Inn, R. S. E., followed by JOE, DICK, Watermen, DUFFY, and two Servants.

Fra. (R.) For mercy's sake, consider my nerves.

Jack. (R. C.) [Shaking Fragile.] I'd be the death on ye, only you arn't worth being hung for.

Fra. I'll refund every farthing of the money.

Jack. D—n the money! you've gone nigh to break my heart, you have. Where—where is poor Betty?

Fra. On my veracity, I don't know.

Joe. (L.) But I do. She's safe, well and happy, thanks to Mrs. Lorrington.

Lor. Lorrington!

Jack. [Looking round.] Who are you?

Lor. I once was Lorrington.

Joe. [Crossing to C.] Drat my old shoes, if it isn't him! Lord bless my soul! how bad you do look.

Jack. My heart will burst this here blessed night! [*Duffy and Servant raise Lorrington—Fragile attempts to fly, R.—Dick and Watermen seize him.*] No, you don't—take hold on him—shake his stony heart out, if he tries to cut and run. [*To Lorrington.*] Give us your hand, you shan't want. [*To Joe.*] But I say, where's Betty?

Joe. I'll guide you to her. [*To Lorrington.*] She's at your wife's.

Lor. My wife's!

[*Falls into Joe's arms.*]

Jack. Hollo! I say, old feller, what's the matter?

Lor. (C.) I have not tasted food for days.

Jack. Here, you, bring some wine. [*Duffy goes into the hotel, and returns with wine.*] Oh! you precious varmint! [*Pouring out wine.*] There—there! Fetch a cab—fetch two cabs!—Why don't some of you help him into the house? [*Calling.*] Here, landlord! [*Duffy and Servants assist Lorrington into the Inn.*] Take him, give him everything, get him everything!—I'll hurry off to Betty. Don't snivel, old Joe; we'll all be happy. Bring that varmint along, too! Oh! my eyes, here's a day for Vaterloo Bridge!

[*Music.—Exeunt Jack and Joe, L.—Dick and Watermen follow, Fragile struggling with them.*]

SCENE V.—A Chamber.

Enter JOE HATCH, JACK, and BETTY, L.

Joe. [*To Betty.*] I told you so. Jack, you've the same heart as ever. Now, now I will take your flipper.

[*Shakes hands.*]

Jack. Old Joe, I'm Jack in the Water, a size larger now. Betty knows as I varn't the vagabond she took me for.

Betty. You are true-hearted after all. Well, I never did believe what that Fragile told me, 'bout your marrying Quillett's niece, and being in love with no end of French women.

Jack. French women! now, that is too bad. Why, their skins is like dried leaves; they've high cheek-bones, like Jack Scroggins, and their hips is as wide as a wheel—'stead of a plump, buxom body like my Bet,—a French girl's no better than a laced-up lapstone.

Joe. Are you going to prosecute that there Fragile?

Jack. (c.) [*Pauses.*] Why——

Joe. Drat my old shoes, he deserves it.

Betty. Deserves it! If hanging was only fairly divided, he'd have his share.

Jack. Werry like—but let him go, for Betty, we'll be married on Wednesday—now, don't get a colouring up all over the face and elbows—and such a day we'll have of it, and such a—evening!

Joe. So we will, Jack—I'll tell my old stories, dame, she'll bile the kettle, and Bess will mix the grog, and——

Jack. And at that moment, when all the good things of life are about me, when Bess looks like an angel, and I feels almost too happy to bear it, to think of that there poor devil, bad one as he is, picking oakum in a lone cold cell, vy, d—n it all! my heart couldn't stand it.

Betty. [*Wiping her eyes.*] That's my good Jack, let him go. only don't let me ever set eyes on him, for I detests his very sight.

Jack. Cut away, Joe, send old Duffy and Bob, and every body in the world here as I knows.

Betty. But what will my lady say?

Joe. She's a angel, and won't say nothing. My old heart's a going nineteen knots an hour. I could "Sing a little, and dance a little"—Tol lol!

[*Exit. R.*]

Jack. Betty, my beauty, did I ever think it would come to this! Shan't you be a swell! Talk of princesses—you shall take the shine out of the Duchess of Oldenburgh. and the Empress of Austria into the bargain.

DUETT.—AIR. " *The Merry Month of May.*"

Jack. Spanking along with a pair of bays,
The ribbons I'll handle, the whip I crack;

Betty. The women envy, the fellows gaze,
As over the crowded way we smack.

Jack. Who's that lovely girl, says one,
With eyes so bright, and hair so black;

Betty. I'll bet you fifty pounds, sir,

Jack. Done!

Betty. It's blooming Bet, and rollicking Jack.

Both. Fol lol de dol lol, fol lol de dol—

Love and pleasure follow our track;

Fol lol de dol lol, fol lol de dol—

Blooming Bet, and rollicking Jack.

Jack. Time shall bring us little dears,
Mammy's joy, and daddy's pet;

Betty. The boys so like my darling Jack,

Jack. All the girls the image of Bet.

Betty. Thus through life one varied round,
Of mirth, and pleasure, shall we track;

Jack. Never, sure, were couple found,
Like blooming Bet,

Betty. And rollicking Jack.

Both. Fol lol de dol lol, fol lol de dol—

Love and pleasure follow our track;

Fol lol de dol lol, fol lol de dol—

Blooming Bet, and rollicking Jack.

[*They dance off, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*A splendid Apartment at Mrs. Lorrington's, opening to the Garden, with a View of Waterloo Bridge and the River.*

Enter EMILY LORRINGTON, R., followed by QUILLET.

Qui. Yes, ma'am, I am now a lowly man. My niece has fled, given her hand where she long since gave her heart, to Charles Jauney, all my schemes have been overthrown, and I come to you in penitence to make all the atonement in my power.

Emily. Loftus is, indeed, a villain, I ever deemed him so, there were tones in that soft, still voice, that murmured of deceit. Wherefore did he malign Edmund? Wherefore make me a wretch?

Qui. To make you his own. I take shame for my share in the transaction; his aim was on your fortune, and person, mine, on the aggrandizement of my niece. We knew of one error of your husband's, and invented others.

Emily. Oh! fly to him tell him all is forgotten, all forgiven.

Qui. Amid that forgiveness, then, let *me* hope for pardon.

Emily. We should look lightly at past errors. Who shall amend, if pardon be not proffered to repentance. Bring Edmund to me, and let me once more look upon him, whose image will rest here whilst memory dwells within me.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

Enter JACK and BETTY, L. C.

Jack. I'm blessed—I'm so all over joy—there, I wouldn't be Prince of Wales if they axed me, so it's no use of their coming. Oh! my Betty. [*Going to kiss her.*] No! you thought I meant wrong to you—it was all that Frenchified willain—and to show you it wur, I won't even ask you for a kiss 'till we're regular married.

Betty. Won't you! then I'll give you one without asking. [*Kisses him.*]

Re-enter EMILY LORRINGTON, R.

Emily. Betty!—oh!—is this the person?—

Jack. Yes, ma'rm—beg your pardon, I'm sure, *I* didn't go to do it. I'm the chap they've been a'telling a lot of lies about, ma'rm, so, I was convincing her it was all the contrary, quite the reverse.

Betty. (L.) Yes, ma'am, that's what he was a'doing, ma'am.

Jack. 'Xactly so, ma'rm,—and if you'll excuse the liberty, ma'rm, I'm mistook if things hasn't been said of some one else, as he didn't deserve.

Emily. (R.) I know to whom you allude, know how deeply he has been wronged. [*Jack and Betty retire up, L.*] Oh! why is he not here, that I might bare my heart before him, and tell him that it held but one, and that one was—

Enter LORRINGTON, handsomely dressed, and QUILLET, R. C., followed by JOE HATCH.

Qui. Lorrington!

Lor. Yes, your once loved Lorrington, come in his beggary to weep for pardon at your feet. [*Kneels.*]

Emily. Up, Edmund, up! pride mislead, falsehood betrayed me. The day was, when you, wealthy and honored, wooed me—when on your knees you begged this hand,—I joyed then to give it. The church has sever'd us, but I know all now. I am rich, you fortuneless; it is my turn

to ask ; here is that hand you sued for, won. Emily, you own Emily, begs you once more to accept it.

Lor. Emily ! Emily !

Emily. Wife—wife—that one dear word again.

[*They embrace, R.*

Jack. Oh ! [*Going to embrace Betty, L.*] No ! I said I wouldn't kiss you 'till we get into the westry.

Enter FOOTMAN, L. C.

Foot. A female wants one Mr. Hatch.

Jack. A female ! Oh ! Joe.

Joe. Beg pardon, my lady, but it's my missus. I saw as all was to be made right here, and I couldn't help sending for her. You see, we have shared all our trouble together, and now there comes a lump of joy, it seems hard to leave the old woman out of it.

Emily. (R.) Oh ! pray let Mrs. Hatch come in.

MUSIC.—*Enter MRS. HATCH, DICK, DUFFY, Watermen, &c., L. C.*

Jack. Give us a kiss, mother !

Lor. (R. C.) Mother !

Jack. (C.) Aye, the real mother as took care of me when I couldn't take care of myself.

Betty. (L. C.) And of me, when——

Mrs. H. (L. C.) Don't ! I can't stand this. And you are a-going to be married to Betty ? I'm as happy as——

Joe. (L.) When you vos going to be married to me ; I know you are.

Lor. Once more, I woo you, my wife—even now, let me call you by that blessed name. In your lovely eyes, I read the oblivion of the past. My selfish heart cannot withstand the bliss you offer me. But remember, Emily, you wed a beggar.

Jack. If she does, I'm d—d ! Why, if we are brothers the wrong side of the way—beg pardon, ma'rm,—what of that ? The blood that runs in your arms, is same as mine, and where there's only one blood, there oughtn't to be two purses. Share mine with me !

Emily. No, my fortune will suffice for both.

Jack. It shan't. I couldn't sleep in my bed—no, not though she was beside me, if he didn't take half of what was fairly his'n. Dick, I'll take care of you. [*To Duffy.*] And as for you——

Emily. He shall be my care. [*To Duffy.*] I have heard of your kindness, here.

Duf. Oh! ma'rm, you make me feel quite ashamed!

Jack. Then Joe, you and I, and Bet, and the old woman, will swim in grog. I'll build a yacht, and we'll live on the Thames all the days of our life.

FINALE.—AIR, "*Over the Water to Charley.*"

Jack. Fortune may smile, or may frown as she will,
We heed not her low'ring, or smiling;
The heart that is sound, may defy every ill,
Whilst love is our moments beguiling.
They call her a jade, but she's good humoured whims,
And in one of good humour we've caught her;
Come send round your bumpers, and fill to the brims,—
Success to poor Jack in the Water.

Chorus. They call her a jade, but she's good, &c.

Betty. Fellow servants, don't listen to them flashy chaps,
As talks of your charms and your graces,
As tempts you with trinkets, and them sorts of traps,
And is always a flatt'ring your faces.
He that offers a woman his heart, and his hand,
Tho' no cash in his pocket he brought her,
Is worth all the finicking fops in the land,
And dear as my Jack in the Water.

Chorus. They call her a jade, but she's good, &c.

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